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DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 127.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

The following paper was written by C. H. Cheyse and read by him, several weeks ago, at a meeting of the Home Literary Society:

There are none of us infallible—not even the most discontented of us! I do not profess to know all upon the subject I propose to briefly dwell upon; I simply present my own individual view at this time, with regret that it is not more rounded and clear; I venture to speak only that I may learn more (through opposition and discussion), and thus gain fuller, more complete and cosmical conception of the purpose of our existence.

I do not ask you to accept my ideals, or my ideas, I simply request your voluntary attention and expect the same measure of respect and regard for my ideals (as my ideals!) that I render unto yours—no more nor no less. Differentiation of opinion in our ranks should cause no dissatisfaction or disrespect, but rather be a matter of congratulation. If we all ever do get to one agreeable level of thinking, it will be a dead level—the anarchistic movement will be torpid, stagnant, and something of newer, greater vitality will have sprung up above and beyond it.

Some people who have never seen parrots in their wild and native state think that their natural habitat is a cage, and some of these same kind of people are prone to imagine that the proper sphere of a woman is the kitchen and the bedroom, and that their utmost limits should be circumscribed by the walls of the domestic wigwam and what pertains thereto. Such people are noted chiefly for "their fair large ears," said aural appendages being accompanied by a unique and peculiar guttural brogue—for at bottom each of the species is an ass. I would not be surprised if this same class of people held privately and interiorally as a basic and fundamental thought the idea that the only real and final use of a woman was for their physical sexual gratification, and that the female members of the genus homo were especially created for their personal benefit in this direction, but this is a mistaken and foolish notion, no matter whether it springeth out of Christianity, Koreshanity, or any inanity whatsoever.

Personally, I am sorry for the mental idiosyncracies of all other folk, some of which they may keep secluded and secret until the crack of doom, and after, for all I know, but my own idiosyncracies being, in my estimation, of superior order and above reproach, I unhesitatingly and unblushingly lay them bare for your inspection. It is my private opinion that if we find no cause to blush at self, seen in the mirror of our most honest, highest judgment, then we shall never need to blush at all.

At this moment we are in a transition stage. We have had enough, and more than enough, of the bondage of Egypt, and are determinately migrating to some better, brighter land; many of us are

traversing the wilderness footsore and weary, hungered and athirst, but we know, or at least have high hopes, that beyond the high and barren hills that encircle us lies a land of promise, that greater Eden of which the poets have dreamed and the prophets have spoken!

Always in breaking away from precedents, models, customs of the past, the new life first appears in the rough—primitive and eager; there are displayed unruly impulses at divers seasons, but even these will be presently checked, controlled, directed, by the self-same power that prompted the outburst from conventions and bonds into the fuller, larger life! It is not for any individual, or any set of individuals, to say what shall be or what shall not be. I, myself, have no use at all for the religion of "NOTNESS." Freedom is a word which has no geographical boundaries; it is an untraveled and undeveloped territory which has no limits; no man, past, present or to come, can say where it hath beginning and where it hath an end.

ANARCHY, as I understand it, is synonymous with freedom; it implies autoarchy, self government; it means self control of all one's actions, in sanest, highest thought, in the veriest scorn of consequence! A great philosopher says: "Trust your instinct—every heart vibrates to that iron string." This is right; and we are learning to follow our instinct utterly, hope beyond hope, and the highest instinct of mankind is to LOVE—to love freely, fully, and it is this very instinct and desire that caused the rebellion against violence, repulsion to crudity, in the past and still present marital and conjugal relations, and ushered us into what is now commonly known as the "free-love movement." This, today, is a pioneer attempt to reach forward toward that grander civilization which is to obtain, and in the very nature of the undertaking it follows, therefore, that mistakes of direction will be made, but the pole star of love still shines in the heavens, and the traveler, ever and anon catching glimpses of it above earth's vapors, can redirect his course thereby.

The Norwegian poet and dramatist, Ibsen, somewhere says "The revolution in social conditions now, preparing is chiefly concerned with the future of workers and women!" and again, elsewhere, states that "the woman question has always been THE question, is THE question now, and there is no reason why it should ever cease to be THE question!" This may be; there are variant opinions, and one who has been spoken of as the world's poet refers to woman as merely—

"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair?" (Some there be of cynical turn of mind who have just about this opinion of women; but, without a doubt, if one could strip off the hidden bandages there would come to light a sore and sour wound in which, by probing deep,

could be found the iron shaft of a woman's wit, scorn, or calm indifference.)

Passing this aspect of woman as unfortunate and contemptible, let me say that with some there is question of her being equal to man, but, in my humble judgment, there is no question of equality whatever. Long ago I read in a very old book that the creator having made all things good, including man (the highest development of form at the moment), looked and beheld that it was not good for man to dwell alone, and so woman was brought into existence. This account may be allegorical and poetical merely and to your mind convey nothing, but to my mind it conveys high sentiment and truth of import; the work of the supreme mind was not perfect without woman, and, therefore, she stands the very crown and flower of creation in form and quality.

Woman herself has only caught dim glimpses of her birthright, but she is rapidly developing a soul hunger that cannot, and will not, be satisfied with any mess of pottage of any kind whatever. Both in her inner and private life, and out in the larger field of industrial, political and social affairs, she is, with increasing imperativeness, demanding a greater share of direction, a fuller trust, and an altogether higher association than any heretofore vouchsafed by her fellows. She will gain it of very necessity, and in the gaining of it she will carry the race forward—

"From earth's flats to a higher eminence than any hitherto beheld for clouds."

Happiness, beyond all question, is the purpose of life—perfection of love the sunlit summit of happiness! and the universal surge is forever and forever toward it. Our presence here, on the edge of this primeval forest, at the dawn of the new century, is proof of it!

It is an axiom among the wisest of the evolutionists that "function precedes organization," and supplementary to this that "desire precedes function." In man this "order of creation" is very marked; it is from within outward continuously, from the wish to communicate with a distant friend, hence the penning of a letter, to the mental composition and physical ultimatum of a beautiful melody, or the designing and erection of a splendid palace.

Apparently first a feeling, an inward change, a dim want or desire becoming conscious of itself ultimates in action. All evolution is truly an unfolding of a higher form latent within, modified to some extent in its growth, development by the external condition and environment. Lamarck, the scientist, long ago said: "Animals vary from low and primitive types chiefly by dint of wishing." If this be so in the lower order of creation, how much more potent and powerful the trend in human kind. Within each shape of life sleep wants without number, from the lowest and simplest to the most complex and ideal; and almost inevitably as each new desire or ideal is

evolved, it brings the creature, quadruped or biped, into conflict with its surroundings—which later decreases, and in the satisfaction and content gained the way is opened for the generation and development of a still newer want or ideal.

Let us look at what is desire in man; what is "desire"—what is its culmination and completion? Practically, it is LOVE. Love is the sum and solution of all desires of man—that in which they converge; the interpretation of them; for which they all exist, and without which they would be considered useless.

There is an absurd old proverb or maxim, "Business before pleasure," but if we will only think logically for sixty seconds we shall realize that business is for the sake of pleasure or happiness. Business has no end in itself; we work but that we may live and live but that we may love. The more one looks into this matter the clearer it becomes; all other desires—self-preservation desires—hunger, thirst, power, exist but to empty themselves, sooner or later, into this one, finding their interpretation in it. Other desires are nothing by themselves; taken alone they stultify themselves—one desire alone perpetuates itself, being a flame which uses all the rest as fuel. And this one, what is it? Who can finally answer? It appears to us as a worship of and desire for the human form! In our bodies it is a desire for the bodily human form; in our interior selves it is a perception and worship of an ideal human form, it is the increasing revelation of a splendor dwelling in others, which, clouded and dim as it may be, remains, after all, perhaps, the most real of the facts of existence. Desire, therefore, as it exists in man, as it unfolds and its ultimate aim becomes clearer and clearer to itself, is seen to be the longing for the perfect human form. Without health we cannot have happiness—and disease is very present with us. Now disease, physical or mental, in society or in the individual, means loss of unity. Health should mean unity, the etymology of the word entirely corroborates this idea. The words health, whole, holy being from the same stock; philological relatives being for instance—beal, hallow, hale, wholesome; in German you have Heiland (the savior); in Latin, salus, salutary, salutation, salvation, etc., as a study of Max Muller would teach. The idea seems to be a positive one—a condition of the body in which it is an entirety, a unity—some central force maintaining that condition. One of old—in my opinion an Anarchist, who taught love of freedom and freedom of love—said unto a sick and suffering soul, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Modern mental scientists can say no more—and with ourselves lies all power.

The opposite of health is "illth," and we are in such a state. Whence comes

(Continued on page 4.)

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GOLD AND CHRISTIANITY.

The director of the United States mints, George E. Roberts, is boastfully predicting hope for the future, because he estimates the world's output of gold for the first year of the twentieth century of Christianity will reach, as he says, the enormous total of \$365,000,000—\$1,000,000 a day. He does not tell the public that it comes out at less than 25 cents per capita. There are at least 1,500,000,000 inhabitants in the world so that at the enormous amount of 25 cents each \$375,000,000 would have to be produced.

For the entire century the gold output was \$7,709,330,000, or, taking the inhabitants of the world at 1,300,000,000, this would not amount to \$6 each in 100 years!

If this does not show the power of gold, nothing can. It explains to any reasoning mind how one man is able to steal \$5,000,000 in one week from his fellow creatures—all made according to Christian ethics, which, by the way, allows this state of things to exist—which, in fact, called the gold standard into being—yes, all made, as the pious Rockefeller knows, in the image of the god of this same Christianity; the Boers, Filipinos, Cubans and Porto Ricans also know this now.

The bankers are advising the coinage of half cents—farthings—like they have in England, so that the poor, the producers, can buy a farthing's worth of sugar, salt, tobacco. The bankers thus show to what extremities they intend to bring the poor, those who, according to Labor Commissioner Wright's last report, produce an average of \$10.50 worth of wealth per day. The result will be the same as in England, the gold standard robber of the world, who has forced the gold standard on America.

This magnificent 25 cents per annum will require a much smaller coin than the farthing to indicate the per diem advantage of this wonderful output of gold—per capita it would be less than one eighth of a farthing per diem.

The director of the mints might devote his spare moments to calculating how much time and life was wasted in producing the \$7,700,360,000 worth of gold in 100 years; he would find, with the help of the labor commissioner's report, that if the same energy had been applied to producing food, clothing, permanent dwellings, machinery, etc., the value would be \$7,700,360,000,000—a thousandfold the fictitious value of the gold. But all the gold goes to the few. Metal standards of value were schemed for this sole and distinct purpose.

When will Labor see that the money with which they think they are paid for their work is the only thing that robs them of nine tenths of the wealth they produce.

So long as there is government let us get all the possible good out of it.

The government's sovereign function is that of issuing money.

Labor unions generally do not hope to obtain justice by any milder measures than a world-wide—universal—strike. Could not this strike be inaugurated by the demand that every government should issue non-interest-bearing paper money; due notice being given of the date on which every worker will cease their labor unless all wages are thus paid.

Everyone who works would then secure the whole value of their products.

There is only one question before the world today—MONEY—the summum bonum—the necessity of life—the Christ; for this men and women lie, cheat, steal, murder; for lack of it suicide; what a man is goes for naught, dollars are now the only mark of worth.

The distribution problem can only be settled right by an equitable exchange of labor. Metal money prevents the possibility of righteousness.

KINGHORN-JONES.

36-Geary street, San Francisco.

THE BACKBONELESS MAN.

One of the most pitiful sights in the world is the man who never has any opinion of his own, the backboneless man, the man who never differs from you, whose only opinion is assent to the one you express.

We distinctively despise the man who never opposes us, who always says "Yes, yes," to everything we say.

The negative character is always a weakling; the world looks upon him as an imitation of a man, not the real article. What the world wants is the positive man, the man who does his own thinking, the man who dares to step out from the crowd and live his own creed, who dares to have and to express his own opinions, this is the man who gains the respect of the community.

The negative man may be a very good, inoffensive sort of person; he may never do any harm in a neighborhood; but, on the other hand, he never does much good. He is never sought out in an emergency, because no one believes he can accomplish anything; he is virtually a nobody.

A person who is naturally weak or timid should bend all his energies to acquiring self confidence, firmness, decision, just as one should study to acquire a knowledge of mathematics or science. He should never for a moment give way to the thought that he would not be equal to any emergency. He should not refer to or lean upon others, but should do his work or his thinking independently.—Ex.

What a cant phrase is that of the religionists, "Be content in that state wherein God has placed you," and how glibly most of them use it, utterly ignoring the fact that it is particularly of private and personal application. Even thus applied it should be under the severest scrutiny and judgment lest one stupidly and supinely stay in a sorry condition solely brought about by the ignorance, carelessness or folly of one's own self, or some other fellow. Methinks it would be as well to let God out of this matter, and get steadily to cultivating a little discontent with any and every state that we get into.

C. H. CHEYSE.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

The great battle that has been going on since the dawn of civilization has been between freedom and slavery. This battle has been fought under various names and banners.

The greatest battle is yet to be fought (but it will be a bloodless one) between State Socialism and true Socialism or Anarchism. The latter stands for freedom and the former for slavery. There has never been a political party in all the world, in all time, that has stood up for freedom. Some parties have leaned more or less toward liberty, but none have avowedly proclaimed full-length freedom. Jefferson's party, and Jeffersonian democracy, came as near proclaiming the principles of freedom as any party that ever existed. Pure democracy is almost a synonym for Anarchy. There has never been a clear and well-defined difference between political parties in any country, but a mere distinction without a difference. There has never been in this country so great a distinction between parties as there is today between the so-called Democratic and the so-called Republican parties. Yet they do not differ radically. Both favor war, if it suits them; both favor a pension and a bonded indebtedness; both favor a gold and silver money; both favor a tariff, and I do not know what one favors as a principle that the other does not. They differ only as to a per cent, and not as to principle. They are both actuated by policy, and their inquiry is not what is truth, but what is trumps?

"The freest government is only the least objectionable government." There is not the difference between governments that some are taught to believe. All people have their patriotic biases in favor of their own governments. The distinctions between governments are owing more to their executors and administrators than to their principles. As great atrocities of government are witnessed in the United States, said to be the freest government on earth, as are tolerated in any country. I might mention several instances, but one will suffice: the Couer de Alene mine horror, where hundreds of miners were arbitrarily thrust into a "bull pen" by negro soldiers, without warrant, where many starved to death, some suicided and others went insane. Three terms of court passed in the county and no indictment was brought against them, and they had no trial. True, such atrocities have not occurred so frequently in this country as in Spain, but remember, we have more free land and more room in this country. We have the worst land laws of any country on earth, and the reason the people are not more oppressed by landlords than in other countries is because of the abundance of free land here.

The divine right of the majority to rule is only another form of the doctrine of the divine right of a king to rule. The rule of the many by the few is called tyranny, but the rule of the few by the many is tyranny also, only of a less intense form. "Coercion can by no process be made equitable." So there is no difference in principle between governments. Good-intentioned men, aiming at what they think is freedom, are advocating what Herbert Spencer calls the "coming slavery." I mean the State Socialists who would have all per-

sons equalized by lowering heights, are too high, by having all wealth in common. It sounds nice but it be accompanied by force, by a major rule, by officers. Individual freedom would be destroyed. The superstition of government still prevails among State Socialists, as well as among believers in monarchy.

Josiah Warren, an American, and grandson of the Warren who fell at Bunker Hill, Proudhon, a Frenchman, and Karl Marx, a German Jew, all started out at the same time to solve the social problem of the age, and went along the same road for some time but finally deviated, Warren and Proudhon arriving at Anarchy and Karl Marx at State Socialism. The two social theories differ as the north from the south. Never before had there been a clearcut and absolute difference existing in social theories, though all men had an aspiration toward greater freedom. The superstition of authoritative government so pervaded the minds of men that, notwithstanding the fact that all governments had failed to reach a scientific form, and notwithstanding men's intuitions and sympathies were against coercion and war, without which governments could not exist, yet a scientific theory of society was never proclaimed until Warren and Proudhon formulated it. State Socialism implies more government than ever existed, and Anarchy implies less, or none. The parties in all governments will, from now on, gravitate toward the two extremes until there will be but the two parties, Anarchy and State Socialism, and the antagonisms will be intensified. We may have State Socialism before we get Anarchy, but Anarchy will in the end prevail.

Governments have been drifting toward Socialism for a long time. Witness the vast amount of property owned by the state and the number of state institutions. All our schools, asylums, roads, bridges, rivers, armies, postoffices, parks, fire departments, waterworks, streets, wharves, and, in some countries railroads and telegraphs, are owned by the state.

The beauty and economy of cooperation as exemplified by the trusts prompts to State Socialism. The trusts are mutually cooperative and not compulsory as State Socialism would be, and under Anarchy, in a free society, cooperation would be mutual and all would benefit. Why may not all people cooperate as well as a few? Under Anarchy all men would soon learn to cooperate mutually in the highest degree beyond the most ardent dreams of the Socialists and without the expense of officers and law-makers.

J. C. BARNES.

Edward Carpenter, the Socialist poet and writer, somewhere tells a good story on himself. He says he took an Australian friend and newcomer to that acme of fashionable promenades, "Rotten Row" (Hyde Park, London, Eng.), and while gazing at the flowing and recurrent stream of splendid equipages and equestrians, and the kaleidoscopic effect of the variant colors of the costumes, trappings and liveries, said, speaking from the artist's standpoint, "It is very finished, is it not?" "Yes," promptly retorted the pioneer of the newer civilization, "it is finished; there is nothing more to come out of it!"

C.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"Oh, you should see grandma's. I never saw such lovely hair. It is as thick as mine and much longer and is just like silver."

"Then you must have got yours from your grandma."

"Perhaps so. Papa says it is the silver and the gold. We all admire grandma, but we all love mama."

Mayme was surprised. "Admire" an old lady, and "love" a mother.

Long before the maid had finished "doing" Mayme's hair Blossom had her locks arranged. Then she donned a lemon-colored silk, low necked and without sleeves, perfectly plain and fitting without a wrinkle. Over this was a robe of black lace with long loose sleeves, and fitting closely around the throat. The beautiful arms and gleaming shoulders were seen through the meshes of the lace.

A note was handed in asking "What flowers would the ladies prefer?"

"Oh, I am going to wear my diamonds and don't want any flowers," was Mayme's reply.

"I would like lemon-colored rosebuds," said Blossom.

"Mr. Crawford wanted to know," said the maid.

"Oh, I thought it was Howard, or I would not have sent such a reply."

Again Blossom was surprised and silent. When they went down to the drawingroom they found Howard and Andrew waiting. Andrew thought he had never seen Blossom look so lovely and he said to himself: "She grows more beautiful every day. How I wish I could take her in my arms just a moment," and then he asked: "Are you rested, Blossom?"

"I did not get tired, Andrew, but I did get dusty. Thanks for the roses; they are just what I wanted. You were so kind to think of them."

"I knew you would want them, for you always wear them at home."

"Mr. Crawford, it sounds queer to call your cousin Blossom. What is her name?" asked Mayme.

"I believe her name is Marian," said Andrew laughing, "but we have always called her Blossom. She was such a delicate child that Uncle Rollin said she reminded him of a snowdrop and that is how she got the name, and it has seemed so appropriate that it has clung to her."

Other guests came in, were introduced, and then dinner was announced. Howard took Blossom out and Andrew gave his arm to Mayme. It is needless to tell of the small talk (very small) and the jokes, anyone who has mingled with the fashionable set will know and understand without the wearisome detail.

Mayme devoted herself entirely to Andrew, and snubbed Howard so pointedly that her mother at the first opportunity reproved her sharply.

"Oh, well, I'll have enough of him after awhile, and Mr. Crawford is so nice."

"You had better not go too far," warned her mother.

Mayme was an accomplished flirt and used all her arts to ensnare Andrew. She really admired him; he was so dif-

ferent from the men in her set. He was handsome, dressed well, was a good musician, was attentive and kind, but she could not feel that she was making any progress with him. He was always the same, but not until the morning of her wedding day did she understand why. She had been to her father's study with the ever-recurring request for money. She had succeeded in getting, not all she had asked, but enough for her purpose, and on coming out into the hall she saw Andrew and Blossom going upstairs, his arm around her waist. The thickly carpeted stairs gave no sound and she swiftly followed and heard Andrew say: "My darling, it is heaven to have you even this long."

"Hypocrites," Mayme muttered, and then she said aloud, "What a charming tableau."

They did not spring apart nor act like criminals. Blossom's face flushed a trifle at the tone, and Andrew smiled as he said:

"I have taken the first opportunity that came to say a few of the things that fill my heart."

"So you are engaged?"

"We are lovers," Andrew replied gravely. "I have loved Blossom since I kissed her when she was a tiny baby."

"And I have loved Andrew ever since I can remember," said Blossom.

"Very romantic, very refreshing, I am sure," said Mayme.

Just then Howard came from his room and asked: "What can be keeping Uncle Andrew? He was to have been here yesterday. I am getting uneasy about him."

"Blossom was just telling me that she thought he came in on the early train, and that he would take his breakfast at the hotel."

As they were talking a servant came and said that there was a gentleman in the parlor who desired to see Mr. Howard.

A few seconds later and Howard called "Come, it is Uncle Andrew!" And how quickly Blossom and Andrew, Jr., went to him! After a warm welcome had been given, and questions asked and answered, Uncle Andrew said:

"Howard, my boy, can I see the bride that is to be? I would like to meet her."

"Howard went out saying 'I will see.' He went to Mayme and said: 'Mayme, Uncle Andrew is here and would like to meet you now.'"

"Can't he wait till tonight?"

"I suppose he can, but I would not like to hurt his feelings, and wish you would come down now."

"Well, perhaps, it won't be so embarrassing as to be introduced before my guests. You say he is a farmer?"

"Yes," and Howard knew that she thought that Uncle Andrew was rough and uncouth.

She went to the parlor and there she saw a tall, fine-looking man, with white hair and heavy moustache, and well bred and fashionably dressed, who addressed her in a well-modulated voice, and who was in every way a gentleman. He offered congratulations and then said: "I represent the Fairview family, and they send by me their very best wishes for your happiness, and also send a wedding present," and he handed Mayme a case. She opened it, and there on the white satin glowed a set of rubies.

Blossom had written home that May-

me had said she wanted rubies, but had never been able to get them.

"She has jewels enough for an empress, but I have heard her express no other wish," and so they were sent.

"What kind of folks are these of Howard's?" she asked herself. "Living on a farm, yet well bred, polite and cultured. I would like to see the rest of them."

The time for the wedding arrived, and all was expectancy. It was a brilliant affair, and many guests were present, the large parlors were filled. At last the bridal party entered. Andrew and Blossom, then Mayme and Howard. Andrew and Blossom had consented, after much urging, to act as groomsmen and bridesmaid.

"I tell you frankly, Howard," said Andrew, "I do not like this business; I do not want to become a party to it; but for old times' sake I will cast aside my scruples."

The bride was attired in white silk, white veil, orange blossoms, everything was as fashion decreed it should be.

Blossom wore a tight-fitting gown of pale pink silk, and over this a robe of white chiffon, her only ornaments being pink rosebuds.

The words were soon pronounced that united them for life (?) and Mayme was Mrs. McDonald. After congratulations, supper, a hurried change of apparel, and hasty farewells, they were off on a wedding trip.

Andrew and Blossom decided to go to New York and select a piano. The old one was showing the wear and tear of time.

"The girls can practice on the old one, but I want you to have a new one, Blossom," said Andrew.

After they arrived in the city they went to a hotel, had supper, and when in their room Blossom said:

"I believe I am tired, Andrew, as much as I have enjoyed the trip. I am glad to be alone with you. How bewildering it is to see so many people."

"Yes, I often wonder where they come from and where they are going. I would like to weave a story about some faces I see. But now, little one, I want you to rest and I'll help you," and suiting the action to the word he unbuttoned the boots, drew them off and replaced them with dainty slippers. He brought the loose lounging robe and helped her loosen the tight-fitting clothes, and when she was ready to rest he took her in his arms as he sat in the easy chair.

"Oh, Andrew, there is nothing that can take the place of this."

"Not the wedding, the compliments, the fashionable gathering?"

"No, dear, there is nothing real or true in any of it. I shuddered as I heard the solemn vows that Howard and Mayme took upon themselves, for I am sure they will be broken."

As Andrew looked into Blossom's eyes he asked: "Are you content to live the free, love life that we have lived? Can you trust my love, pet?"

"If I cannot trust that love, dear Andrew, I would not trust vows spoken before a crowd. No, I want no bonds, except the natural bond of love."

"And that is enough for me, darling."

CHAPTER XXV.

Carrol and Jane returned home from their visit well pleased, and Jane determined to profit by some of her experi-

ences, but old habits clung to her and were not easily cast aside. Spring work came on rapidly, the "help" was sick for two weeks, which occasioned delay, and so Jane concluded that time was too precious to waste in "fixin' up;" that bank account must not grow less, and it was easier to go on in the old rut, so the scrubbing and scouring, pinching and saving went on.

Jane was very religious, as are all narrow minds, and when a revivalist was announced, "one who had been greatly blessed with the downpouring of the Lord's spirit," Jane rejoiced, for she knew then that her opportunity for work had come. She offered to take the "man of God" to board, and for once she was liberal enough with her yellow-legged chickens, and the fresh eggs were freely used in her cakes and custard pies. Every morning "Brother Boyd" had eggs for his breakfast. Nothing was too good for this man. You know Jane was doing the Lord's work, and though the Rev. Boyd might have been filled with the spirit of the Lord his stomach evidently required something more substantial, and the way in which he disposed of the good things of this life was a sight to see.

Carrol said but little to anyone. He grew more silent as the days passed on, and, though he went to the "meetin'" often, he would not go to the "anxious seat."

Jane felt sure that he was "under conviction of sin" and implored "Brother Boyd" to remember Carrol in his prayers. At last she resolved to exhort him "to flee from the wrath to come." She began by saying:

"Carrol, don't you want to be saved?"

"Saved from what?"

"Saved from your sins."

"What sins have I committed?"

"Well, we are all sinners."

"Yes, so the preachers say, but what are my especial sins?"

"Well, you aint as bad as some, but you don't belong to the church. I won't talk to you, because I don't know what to say, but Brother Boyd can make you understand."

That day Jane asked the revivalist to talk to Carrol.

"He seems like he was thinkin', but he's a queer fellow, and I don't like to say anything more to him."

When the opportunity came the revivalist said: "Brother Archer, are you a Christian?"

"No, not as you understand the term."

"Don't you want to be a Christian?"

"No, I do not."

"Don't you believe in God?"

"Now, Mr. Boyd, tell me who and where is God? Please give me a straightforward answer to the question."

"Now, Brother Archer, the form of your question presents a difficulty. If you take the ordinary answer to such questions, and subject it to the philosophical tests which are usually applied to a topic like 'Who is God,' it will appear very inadequate. However, I will answer. God is the one who created the world. Now, as to the second part of your question, 'Where?' Everywhere. Haven't you heard that before? Are you satisfied, Brother Archer?"

(To be continued.)

Prejudice, vanity, calculation, these are what govern the world—Chamfort.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Continued from page 1.

it? Who can say? Perchance man has not been guided at all times by that continent and whole instinct which seems to characterize the animals, and he has used this or that power to gratify this or that particular sense at the expense of other faculties; hence there is division, seemingly, in his cosmos; an apparent abandonment of his true self for his organs—the whole for the parts; and, one or other of these becoming abnormal, he may have placed his main good in its satisfaction. Whatever has caused the discord the vital instinct in the present is to attain harmony; to come in touch with nature; to feel the majestic "stirring of the common life that makes the many one." Everyone of these modern movements of reform, from vegetarianism up through the whole gamut, are simply embryonic and initial attempts to attain that cleanliness, wholesomeness, sanity of being, from center to circumference, of which Walt Whitman is the best exponent and example. In that state of being the distinction between the words spiritual and material disappears, for, as he sings, "objects gross and the unseen soul are one."

The effort of the soul, or innermost part of man, today, is to attain naturalness, and in the attainment of this there will be an increasing development of the "cosmic self," hence less feeling of division and isolation, less self-consciousness; an absence of the line of demarcation between egotism and altruism, modesty and immodesty, spiritual and physical, all of which differentiations appear to be the product of "civilization" so called. I am by no means the only individual who found it hard and irksome being trained for a "civilize." Topolobampo and Home contain others, I note, that struck out for a freer and more natural life. And these latter expressions do not necessarily mean that a man hasten on all occasions to exhibit his nude person regardless of the sensibilities of other people. It doesn't even mean a prurient curiosity as to the physiological and psychological details of sexual relations one's own self did not happen to have part in. In fact, the more natural one gets the less inquisitive he or she will get about such matters, for each and all will know within themselves by thought, feeling and being.

And now, in conclusion of this hasty sketch of a most important subject, let me call your attention to the fact that all down the stream of time you have had some strong current, or other, of religious feeling and thought, and you will have in the future; this civilization is passing away—slowly it may be, but passing—and in the reaction from conventions and customs the old nature religion, greatly enhanced, perchance, may unite all us isolated and lonely souls into one corporate body, and each member will feel the unity with his fellows, with the animals, the trees, streams and mountains and the progress of the stars. Ages ago this was better understood than now. The warp and woof of the Christian ceremonial itself is astronomical and sexual; while the whole fabric of the earlier religions were entirely astronomical and sexual; that is to say, men instinctively felt and worshiped the

great life coming to them from the depths of heaven. They deified both, and placed their gods—their own human forms—in sex, in the sky. When man again realizes that the sun, or Sol, is the visible image of his very soul, closest and most vital to him of all mortal things, feeding all with its life, the sense of oneness with all will return to him—the inner meaning of the ancient faiths will return to him, and once more gathering on the high-topped hills he will joyously celebrate with naked dances the glory of the human form and the great processions of the stars, or exultantly greet the new moon coming back after centuries laden with wondrous associations—all the yearnings and the dreams and the wonderment of the generations of mankind—the worship of Astarte and of Diana, of Isis or the Virgin Mary; once more in sacred groves will he reunite the passion and the delight of human love with his deepest feelings of the sanctity and beauty of nature; or in the open, standing uncovered to the sun, will adore the emblem of the everlasting splendor which shines within. The same sense of vital perfection and exaltation which can be traced in the early and pre civilization peoples—only a thousand times intensified, defined, illustrated and purified—will return to irradiate the redeemed and delivered MAN!

INFORMATION.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 75 people here—22 men, 21 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Swank \$2, Unthanks \$1.50, Thierry \$1, Markert \$1, DeMaupassant 50c, Fernandez 50c, Holmes 50c.

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Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereon.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

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